

COWBOY

ALL COMICS

WESTERN

COMICS



10¢
FPI

NO 37



in
This Issue!
WANTED FOR MURDER!

SUNSET CARSON
AND THE
DUDES FROM THE EAST

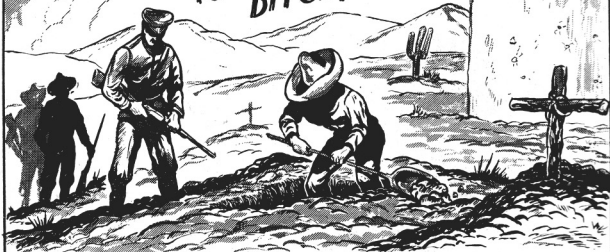
WES EAGAN
AND THE
MAGIC BIRD



WEB COMIC
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WESTERN WONDERS

**HOLDING OUT
TO THE LAST
DITCH!**



IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT DURING THE EARLY DAYS IN MEXICO, ...MANY BANDITS LITERALLY HELD OUT TO THE LAST DITCH! ... UPON BEING GIVEN A DEATH SENTENCE THE CONDEMNED MAN'S LAST DUTY WAS TO DIG A LAST DITCH! ... AFTER THE EXECUTION IT WOULD BECOME HIS GRAVE!

A LONG WAIT!

ON TEXAS A HORNED TOAD WAS ACCIDENTALLY SEALED UP IN A CORNER STONE! ... THIRTY YEARS LATER WHEN THE STONE WAS REMOVED, THE HORNED TOAD SLOWLY CRAWLED OUT ALIVE! ... (IT IS BELIEVED THAT TOADS ETC., CAN REMAIN IN A STATE OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOR LONG PERIODS) ...

YIPE! WHAT'LL
AH TELL "TH"
WIFE?

WESTERN QUIZ

**WHAT CREATURE
LASSOES ITS PREY?**



THE CHAMELEON!

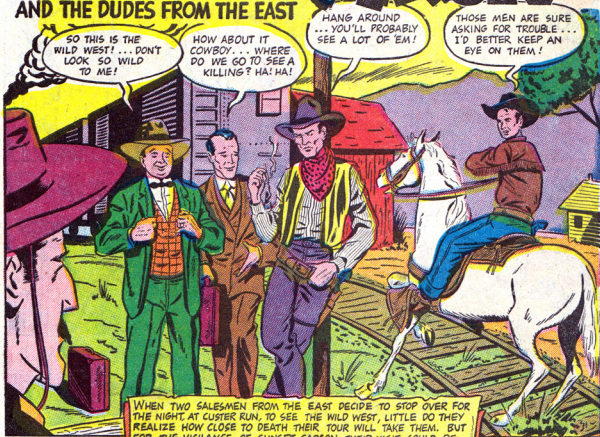
...HE CAN THROW HIS LONG ROPE LIKE TONGUE THE LENGTH OF HIS BODY, ... WRAPPING IT AROUND HIS UNWARY PREY---JUST LIKE A COWHAND LASSOIN' A CALF.

CLAUDE HARMON

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

Sunset CARSON

AND THE DUDES FROM THE EAST



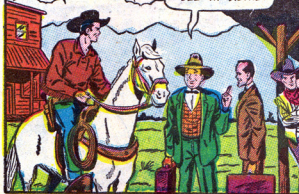
HOWDY, STRANGERS, I'M SUNSET CARSON... THE MARSHAL... CAN I BE OF ANY HELP TO YOU?

NO THANKS, MARSHAL WERE OVER TWENTYONE. WE'RE A COUPLE OF TRAVELING MEN.. WE JUST DECIDED TO STOP OFF FOR THE NIGHT, TO SEE TH' SIGHTS!

WELL, TAKE IT EASY... THIS IS NOT NEW YORK, YOU KNOW.

I GUESS NOT... THIS WHISTLE STOP IS AS DEAD AS A MUMMY!

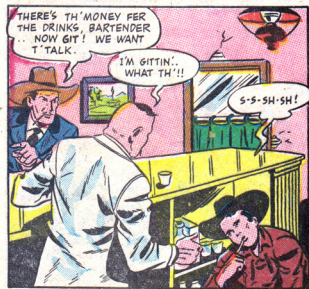
HA! HA! HA! WE'D BETTER TELL HESTER 'BOUT THIS!!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

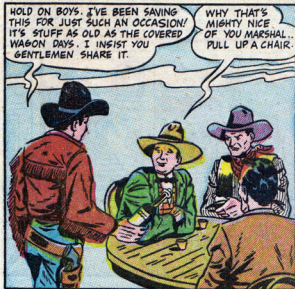


QUICKLY, SUNSET SLIPS AROUND TO THE REAR DOOR OF THE SALOON...



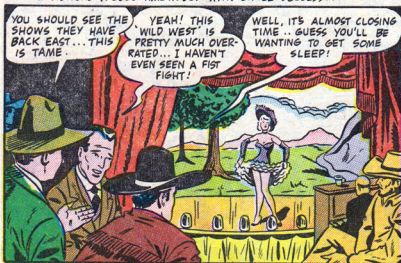
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

☐ LITTLE WHILE LATER...



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AS THE EVENING WEARS ALONG, SUNSET DOES HIS BEST TO SHOW THE VISITORS A GOOD TIME... BUT WITH LITTLE SUCCESS...



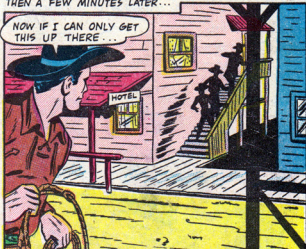
AND SO...



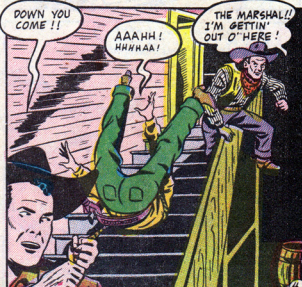
AS SUNSET HEADS FOR HOME, OUT OF THE CORNER OF HIS EYE HE SPOTS THREE FIGURES LURKING IN THE SHADOWS...



AS SUNSET PASSES THE STABLE WHERE CACTUS IS BEING HOUSED, ON AN IMPULSE HE REACHES FOR HIS LARIAT... THEN A FEW MINUTES LATER...



AND THEN...

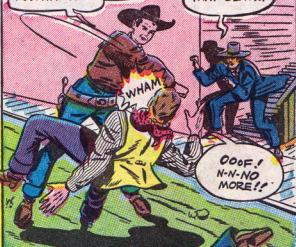


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

BEFORE THE COWBOYS FEET QUITE TOUCH THE GROUND, SUNSET SWINGS WITH ALL HIS WEIGHT...



I'LL TEACH YOU ALL THE MEANIN' OF OUR WESTERN HOSPITALITY!

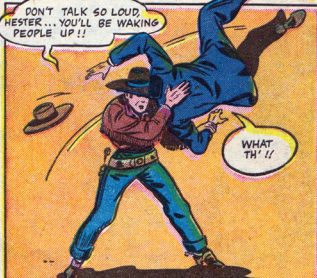


I WAS WONDERING WHERE YOU WERE!

I'M GOING TO KILL YOU CARSON!



DON'T TALK SO LOUD, HESTER... YOU'LL BE WAKING PEOPLE UP!!

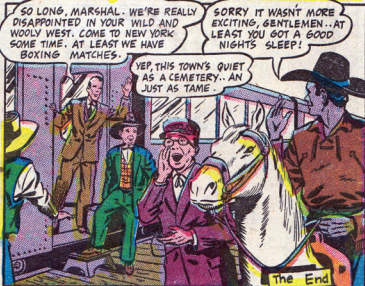


OKAY, BOYS, WE'VE HAD OUR FUN.. NOW LET'S ALL TAKE A WALK DOWN TO TH' SHERIFF'S OFFICE.. HE'LL WANT TO HEAR ALL ABOUT IT.



SO LONG, MARSHAL.. WE'RE REALLY DISAPPOINTED IN YOUR WILD AND WOOLY WEST. COME TO NEW YORK SOME TIME. AT LEAST WE HAVE BOXING MATCHES.

SORRY IT WASN'T MORE EXCITING, GENTLEMEN.. AT LEAST YOU GOT A GOOD NIGHTS SLEEP!



YEP, THIS TOWN'S QUIET AS A CEMETERY.. AN JUST AS TAME.

The End

LEGENDS OF

PAUL BLUNYAN

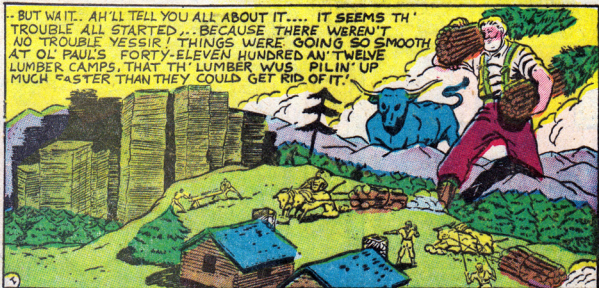
SON, THAT'S LIKE ASKIN' ME IF THERE'S A COW IN TEXAS!... AN' EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT'S CATTLE COUNTRY!

GRANDPA, DID OL' PAUL EVER DO ANY FISHIN'?

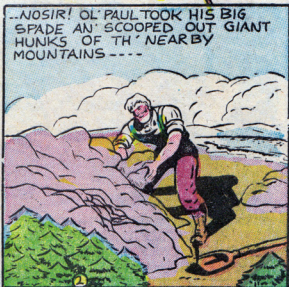
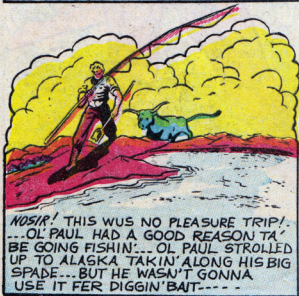
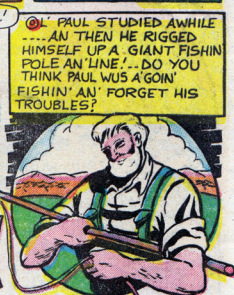
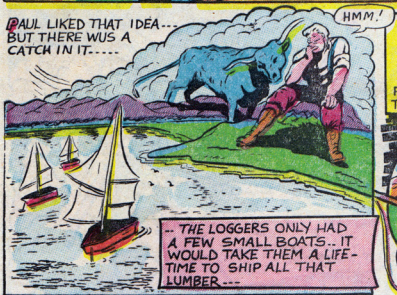


JOE HARRIS-31

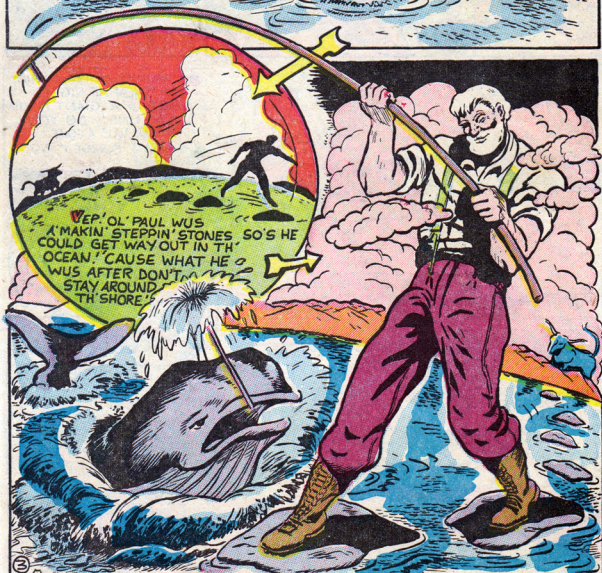
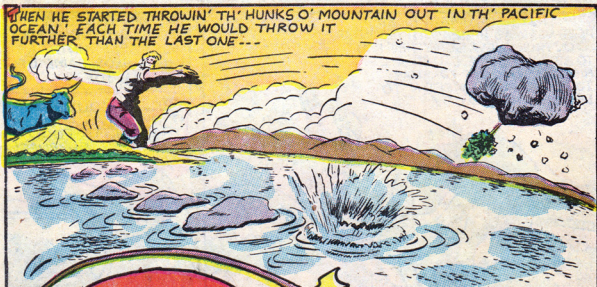
...BUT WAIT. AH'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.... IT SEEMS TH' TROUBLE ALL STARTED... BECAUSE THERE WEREN'T NO TROUBLE YESSIR! THINGS WERE GOING SO SMOOTH AT OL' PAUL'S FORTY-ELEVEN HUNDRED AN' TWELVE LUMBER CAMPS, THAT TH' LUMBER WAS PILIN' UP MUCH FASTER THAN THEY COULD GET RID OF IT.



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



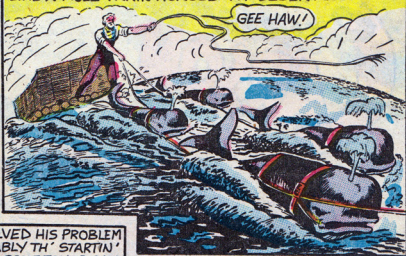
AND WHAT DO YA THINK THAT WERE?---- BY JINGO! IT WERE WHALES OL' PAUL WANTED TO KETCH!...OL' PAUL THREW ALL TH' LITTLE ONES BACK THEY WERE ONLY ABOUT 150 FT. LONG--- HE CAUGHT TH' BIGGEST BULL WHALES ANYBODY HAS EVER SAW, (YA SEE SON, ALL MALE WHALES ARE CALLED BULLS!)

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

PAUL SPENT SEVERAL MONTHS A'TRAININ' TH' WHALES...THEN HE BUILT A HUGE RAFT FROM GIANT REDWOOD TREES----



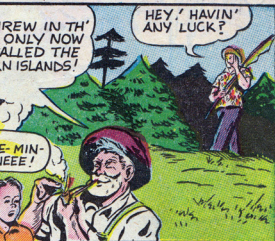
..YA SEE OL' PAUL HAD BEEN TRAININ' THEM BIG WHALES TO PULL IN A HARNESS JUST LIKE OXEN...PAUL LOADED TH' BIG STOCK PILES OF LUMBER ON HIS GIANT RAFT AN' HEADED ACROSS TH' OCEAN, JUST LIKE A MULE TRAIN ACROSS TH' DESERT-----



YESSIR! OL' PAUL HAD SOLVED HIS PROBLEM ---AN' THAT WAS PROBABLY TH' STARTIN' OF WORLD TRADE, AN' SON SOME FOLKS SAY IF YOU LOOK AT A MAP YOU CAN SEE THOSE BIG HUNK O' MOUNTAIN OL' PAUL THREW IN TH' PACIFIC, ONLY NOW THEY'RE CALLED THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS!



HEY, 'HAVIN' ANY LUCK?



GEE-MIN-NEE!

WAL, AH HAVEN'T HAD ANY BITES TODAY...BUT ONCE WHEN AH WUS FISHIN' HERE AH HAD A FISH ON MY LINE SO BIG...AH WUS AFRAID HE WUS A' GONNA PULL ME IN!..SO AH CUT HIM LOOSE!

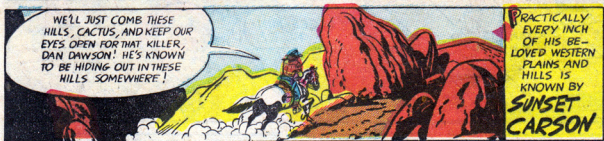
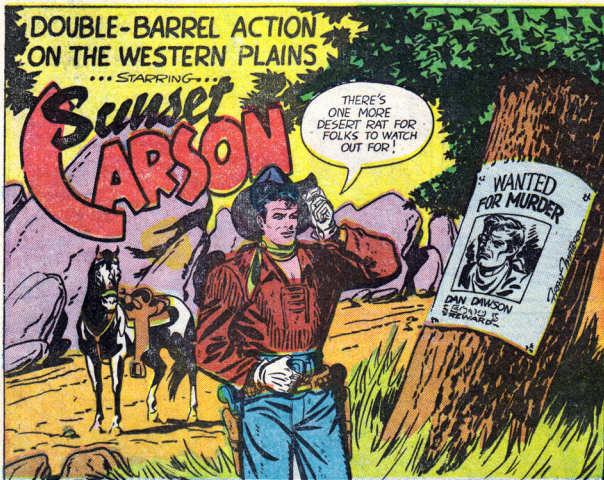
BULL!



WHAT DID HE MEAN GRANDPA?

UH..UR..WAL, YA SEE SON, LIKE AH TOLD YOU ALL, MALE WHALES ARE CALLED BULLS...SO AH RECKON HE MUST O' THOUGHT AH HAD DOGGONE NEAR CAUGHT MAH' SELF A WHALE!





COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



IT'S DAN DAWSON...
THE KILLER I'M
LOOKING FOR!

YEAH ---
AND YOU'RE
SUNSET
CARSON!



SUDDENLY --
FROM BEHIND, SUNSET
HEARS THE WARNING
OF A DIAMOND-BACK
RATTLESN AS IT COILS
READY TO STRIKE --

R-R-R
RATTLE
R-R-R

HISSSS



TWO OF A
KIND, EH?

THAT GIVES
ME JUST ENOUGH
TIME TO GET THE
DROP ON YOU,
CARSON!

BANG!



BUT A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE DAWSON FIRES ---

OOOH!
MY HAND!

YOU'RE NOT KILLING
ANYONE ELSE IF I
CAN HELP IT!



AND I'LL TAKE
THIS GUN,
TOO --

YOU AIN'T GOT
ME YET, SUCKERS!



MOMENTS LATER

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT--?

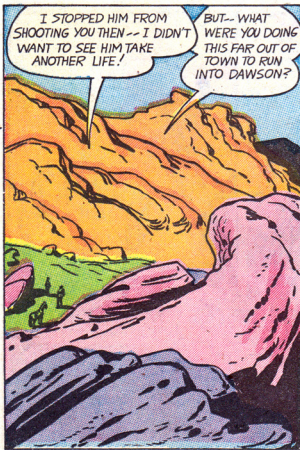
YES--THAT SHOT
JUST MISSED ME--
--THANKS TO YOU!



I'M SO GLAD YOU
CAME ALONG WHEN
YOU DID, MR. CARSON!

THAT DAWSON IS A
BAD HOMBRE, MISS,
AND I'M GOING TO RIDE
'TILL I CATCH UP WITH
HIM!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

MEANWHILE,
AS DAWSON'S HALF-
SISTER TELLS HER
STORY TO SUNSET---

THESE HILLS ARE THE
SAFEST PLACE FOR ME
TO HIDE TILL DARK--
IF I CAN GET HIGH
ENOUGH, CARSON WON'T
FIND ME!

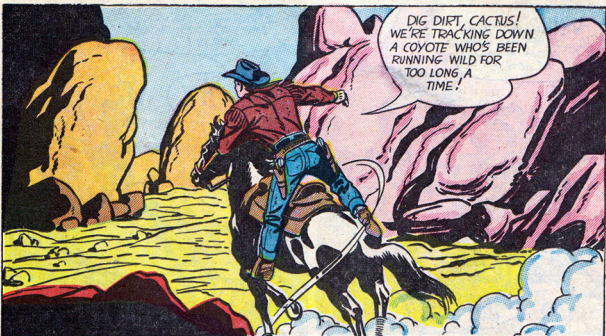
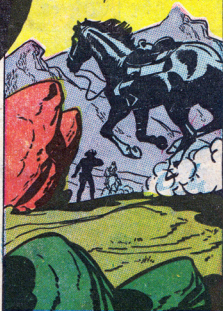


IT'LL BE DARK IN
A SHORT TIME! RECKON
YOU'D BETTER RIDE BACK
TO TOWN AND TELL THE
SHERIFF I'LL BE
BRINGING HIM
COMPANY!



TTHWEET
LET'S GET
GOING,
CACTUS!!

NEEIGHHHH!



DIG DIRT, CACTUS!
WE'RE TRACKING DOWN
A COYOTE WHO'S BEEN
RUNNING WILD FOR
TOO LONG A
TIME!

COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

NEVER STOPPING FOR REST, DAN DAWSON KEEPS ON THE MOVE---DRIVEN BY THAT DESPERATE FEAR KNOWN ONLY TO THOSE MEN WHO ARE RUNNING FROM CERTAIN **DOOM!**

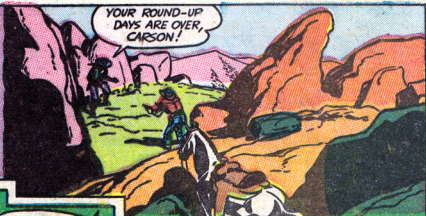


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THE TWO GUNMEN
FACE EACH OTHER!

AN INSTANT'S FEAR
CROSSES DAWSON'S
SCOWLING FEATURES
AS HE CHOOSES TO
SHOOT IT OUT WITH
SUNSET CARSON--

YOUR ROUND-UP
DAYS ARE OVER,
CARSON!



WANT TO
BET?

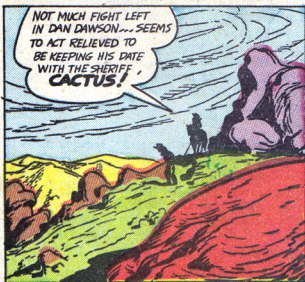
EEYOW!
MY WRIST!

BAM!

BANG!



NOT MUCH FIGHT LEFT
IN DAN DAWSON... SEEMS
TO ACT RELIEVED TO
BE KEEPING HIS DATE
WITH THE SHERIFF
CACTUS!



THE NEXT DAY---

RECKON WE CAN TAKE
THIS DOWN NOW, EH, CACTUS?
LIKE ALL VARMINTS, FATE
CAUGHT UP WITH HIM!



RIDE THE ADVENTURE TRAIL WITH SUNSET
CARSON AND HIS HORSE, CACTUS JR. IN
EVERY ISSUE OF "COWBOY
WESTERN
COMICS!"



AND SOON AFTER...

I KNEW IT HAD TO TURN
OUT THIS WAY SOONER OR
LATER! IT WAS LOYALTY
TO DAD THAT MADE ME
WANT TO HELP HIM!

WELL, YOU
MUST TRY TO FORGET!
YOU'LL LIVE A
HAPPIER LIFE NOW
THAT IT'S A
CLOSED
CHAPTER!



THE
END

SCOUT WES EAGAN HAS A MAGIC BIRD

Major Charles Russell was a dejected man as he sat before his desk in his private quarters at Fort Denton. He was a clear-shaven, thick-bodied man of middle height. His pale blue eyes contrasted well with his auburn hair which had a slight tinge of gray in it. He had served the American army well during the past twenty years. He wore a blue army shirt open at the neck. In front of him was a tall man, Captain Henry Wells, second in command. "How much ammunition have we left?" he asked in a low voice.

"About eighty rounds per man and that means not even enough for a tough day's fight. Chief Red Eagle has been buying some of those new repeating rifles from the traders who came down from the border. If he attacks this fort we don't stand a chance. He outnumbers and outguns us. It will be a massacre. Why don't you do what he wants?"

Major Russell was too tired to be angry. "I know the soldiers are talking behind my back. They all want me to return the four braves to Chief Red Eagle. One of those redskins killed the Chief's son, Lame Foot. But which one? If I turn them over to the Chief, do you know what he'll do? Roast them alive until he gets a confession. And then Heaven help the guilty one. He'll be cut to pieces, bit by bit."

Captain Wells knew he voiced the sentiment of every enlisted man at the fort when he replied, "By the great Bear Dipper, you can't be willing to let the men here die just for the sake of what you call an abstract principle of justice. If the Indians take this fort, they will attack Huntington City and then Beaver Point. Not a white settler will be safe for miles around."

But the Major stuck to his point. "We signed a treaty with the redmen. As long as they are on the reservation they cannot use torture or put a brave to death for murder. If the man is convicted of murder, be he white or red or any color in this world, he must get a fair trial by a jury. Torture belongs to the dim past."

Suddenly the two officers heard shouting. "What's wrong? Can it be that they have spotted

Indian smoke signals in the hills?" asked the captain. The door opened and a sentry saluted. His face was all smiles as he announced, "Head Scout Wes Eagan is here. Just rode into the fort."

Into the room walked a giant of a man, perhaps a shade over six feet three. His long chestnut hair, even parted over his brow, hung in ringlets over his broad shoulders. His face was cleanly shaven, except for a small drooping mustache which shaded a mouth that always seemed to smile. He was dressed in fancy shirt and leather leggings. Around his hip he wore a full cartridge belt and the two .44's he carried had seen their full share of service. The most famous man of the West had come in response to an emergency message.

"You don't know how glad I am that you made it," welcomed the Major. "We're up against a tough situation and we need your help. My message gave you the facts. Any suggestions to make?"

The sentry had left the room and closed the door behind him. "I heartily agree with you, Major," began Wes Eagan, "that you can't let Chief Red Eagle torture the braves to find out who killed his son. Law and order is coming to the west. On the other hand you can't sit by and let his braves get out of hand. They are shouting for the war dance. Once they get their spirits whipped up the scalping knife will be red with blood."

"That sort of puts us between the devil and the deep blue sea," pointed out Captain Wells. "How can you handle such a situation that is liable to blow right up into our faces any moment?"

The famous scout had his answer ready. "Major Russell, you and I are going to ride into the Chief's Camp alone. I am going to try to get him to come to this fort. If he agrees, then I will show him a simple way to find the guilty brave. Still got the chicken coop? I'll need an old rooster for this trick. If it works everything

will be fine. If not, let's not even try to think about it."

Mounted on his chestnut colored mustang, Wes Eagan was followed by Major Russell as they rode for the Indian camp. They were going across open prairie. "As soon as we hit the brush, what about hidden Indians ready to welcome us with arrows, or bullets?" asked the Major. Wes bit his lips as he usually did when he had some hard thinking to do. "On my way to the fort I noticed smoke signals. The Chief knows, by this time I arrived. And he can guess my mission. We won't have any trouble unless an over-anxious brave is desirous of adding an extra scalp to his collection."

As the two horses started towards the brush, the keen eyes of Wes spotted crushed grass. His knowledge of Indian sign told him that the owner of a pair of moccasins had recently walked there and was probably hiding in the brush. His right hand dropped to the side of his saddle. And in one second it came up with his famous boomerang. The weapon went sailing through the air, hit its objective, and then returned to the hand of the skilled thrower,

The army officer had heard about the uncanny skill of the scout with his Australian weapon. It was the first time he had ever seen it in operation. The two men dismounted and Wes dragged an unconscious Indian out from behind the brush. "A present for the Chief," he said. "I'll just drop him off in camp while he dreams about the scalp he didn't get."

At least three hundred lodges were pitched near the river's edge. A war dance was ending when the two men reached the lodge of the Chief. Bucks and squaws were jumping around in ecstasy and shouting about their previous battles. They were beating skin rattles and challenging every enemy to come out and test his courage. But they ignored the two men on horseback.

Chief Red Eagle was the picture of dignity. His head was shaven and painted red and from the tuft of hair remaining on the crown, dangled several eagle's feathers and the tails of two or three rattle snakes. His cheeks were daubed with vermilion. He was an enormous man and as he spoke in English to the famous scout, it was clear he was measuring every word.

"I know why my white brother comes into camp. I knew of his mission from the Winds. They sent a cloud ahead to inform me. My braves were ordered to let you pass in peace. The one who disobeyed me shall suffer. All I

want are my braves held in the fort. They must suffer for the death of my son."

Inwardly Wes prayed before he replied. If only the Chief would agree to try his plan. "I come to ask you to the fort to see a magic bird. It will pick out the guilty brave. You need fear no trickery. Your men are strong enough to reduce the fort to ashes. But if the bird discovers the guilty brave, all I ask is that you let Major Russell punish him."

The Chief could sense that the words were coming from the heart of his white friend. "All Indians know that the Great Scout does not speak with forked tongue. He tells but the truth. If there is a magic bird like you say, there shall be peace, and Major Russell can punish the guilty man."

The four braves were in the main hall of the fort. On one side of them was a line of soldiers. On the other was a line of Indians. On a table was an old rooster. Wes spoke. "This is a magic bird. When the guilty man touches him the bird will inform me. Next to this hall is a small room. The bird will be placed in that room on a table. One at a time and alone, each brave will go inside the room and touch the bird."

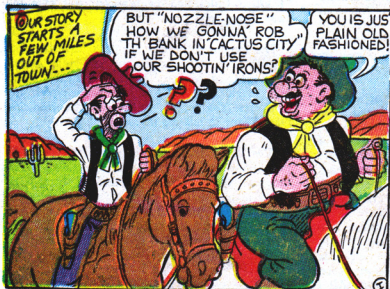
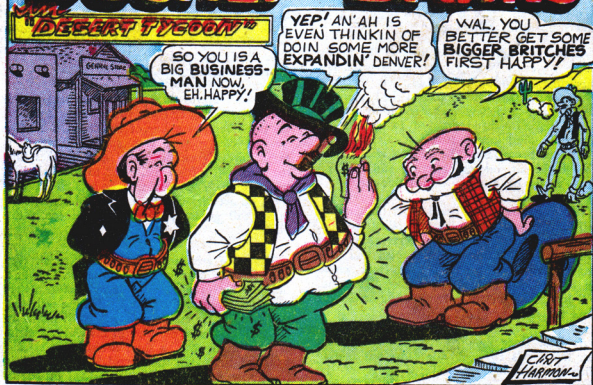
The table was moved into a dark room. Wes went into the room and then came out. One at a time the braves went into that room. When they came up he lined them up against the wall and ordered, "Show me your hands, with palms to the sky." He held the bird in his hands and he stopped in front of a short Indian. The rooster screamed and Wes announced, "Red Cloud is the guilty man." The Indian yelled in fright, "I killed Chief Red Eagle's son. But take me away from devil bird."

The famous scout was about to leave the fort a week later. All was peaceful and quiet except for a puzzled Major. "There isn't such a thing as a magic bird, yet I saw it happen with my own eyes. The Indians call you a great medicine man. Want to tell me the secret?"

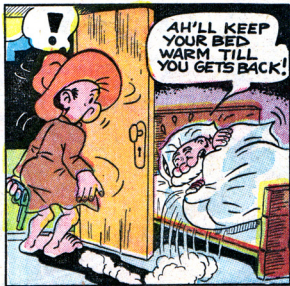
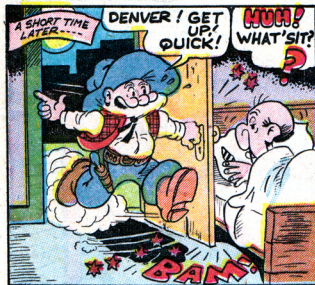
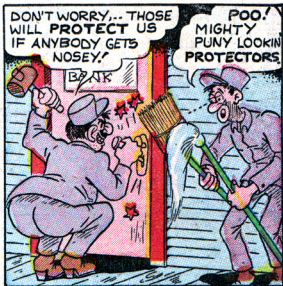
Wes could afford the luxury of a laugh. "I put bluing on the bird," he explained. "The innocent three braves touched the bird. The guilty man didn't. When they showed me their hands I knew it was Red Cloud. I then pinched the bird to make it scream in front of him. That magic bird saved the frontier from a nasty blood war, so keep him well fed and don't eat him."

The End

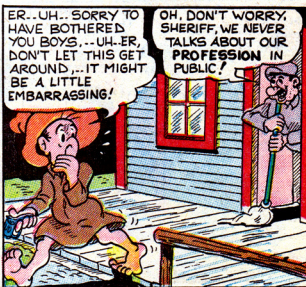
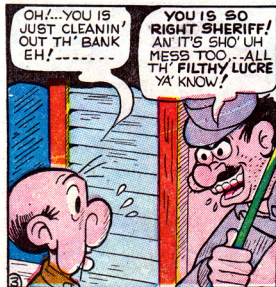
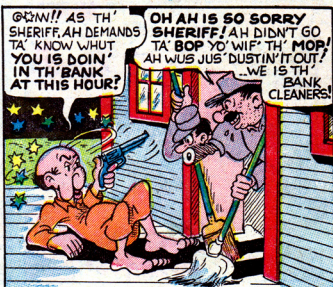
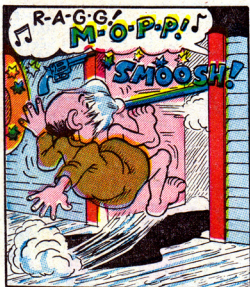
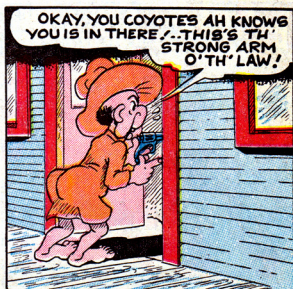
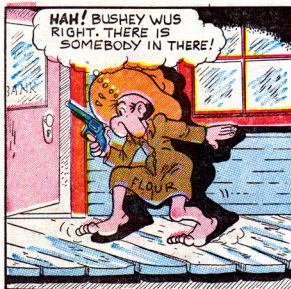
DENVER MUDD AND BUSHEY BARNES



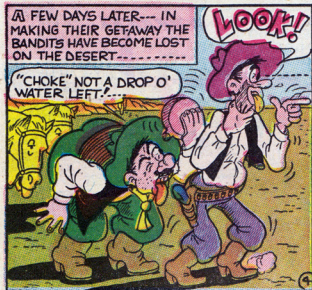
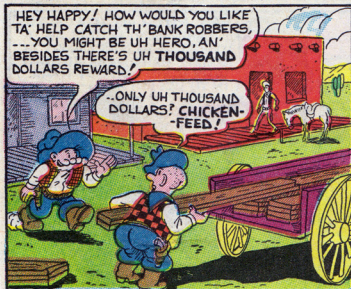
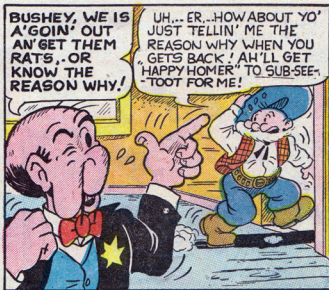
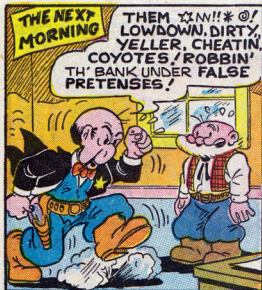
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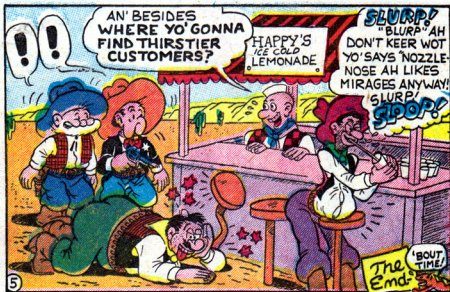
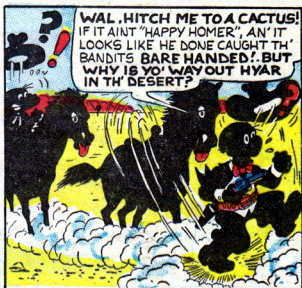
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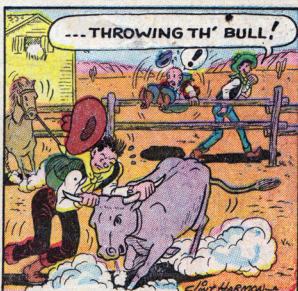
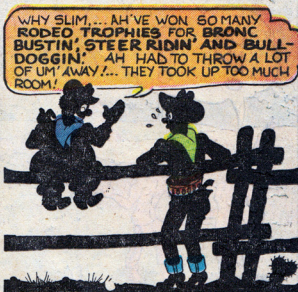
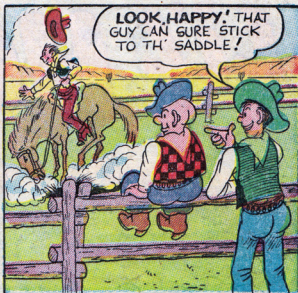
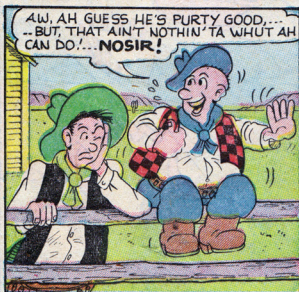
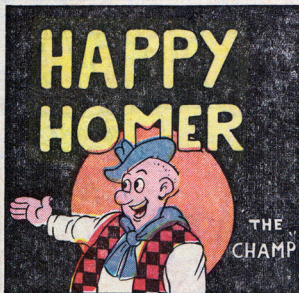


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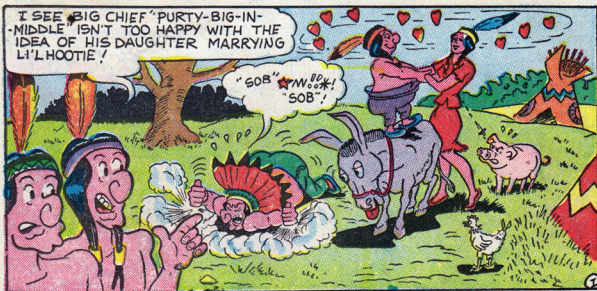


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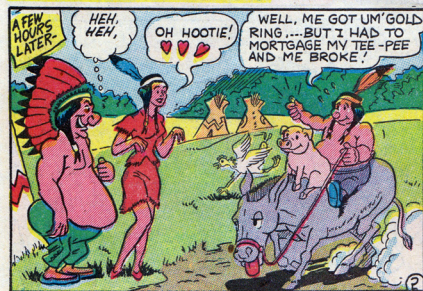
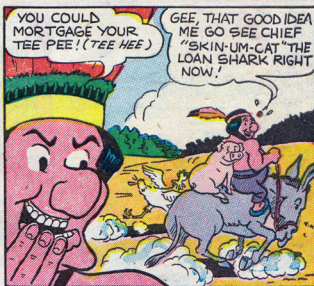
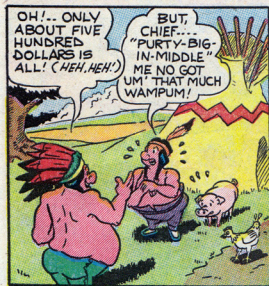
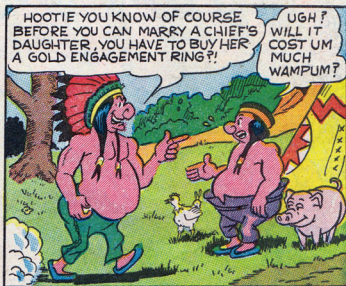




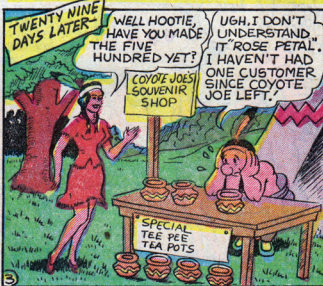
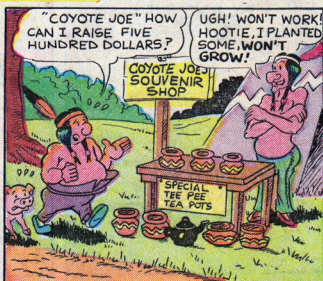
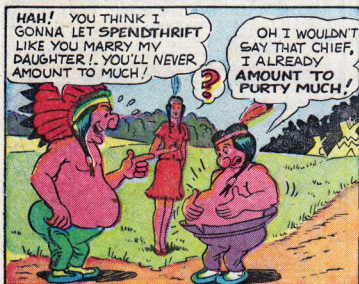
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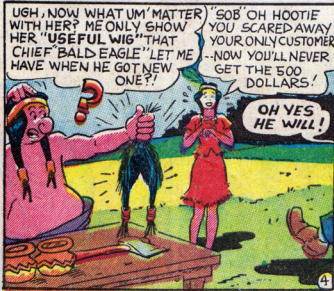
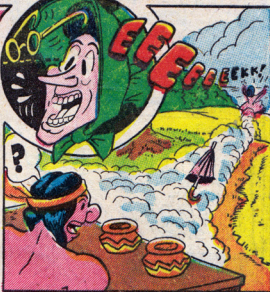
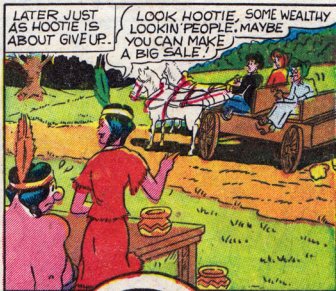
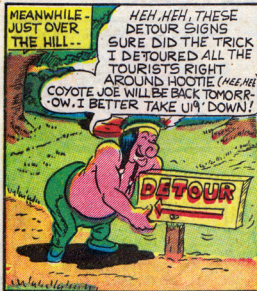
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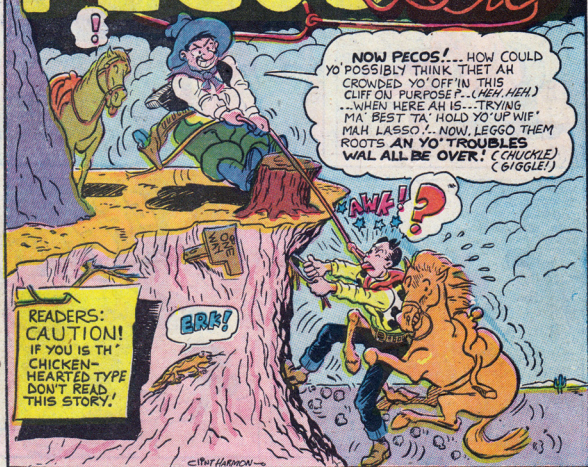
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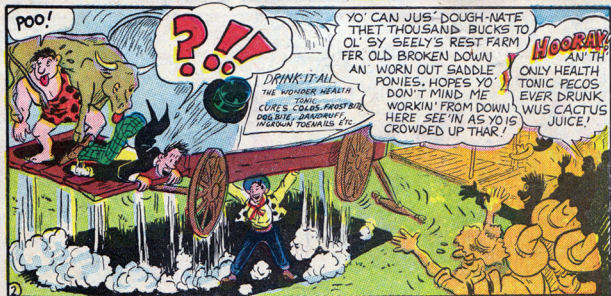
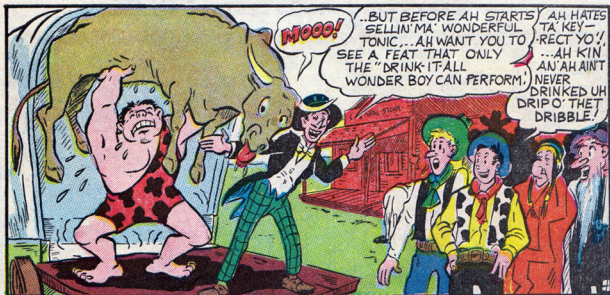
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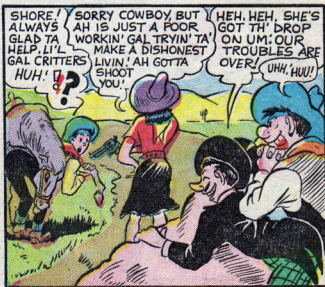
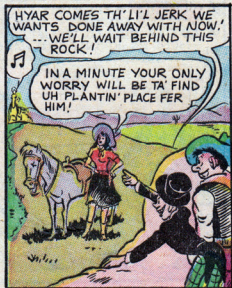
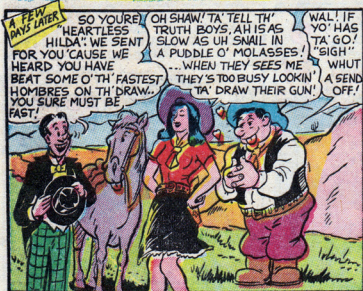
PECOS *Bill*



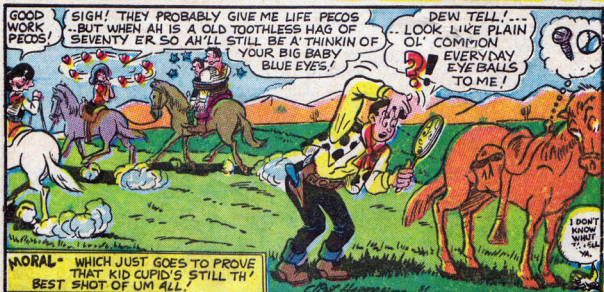
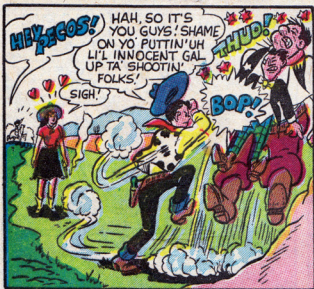
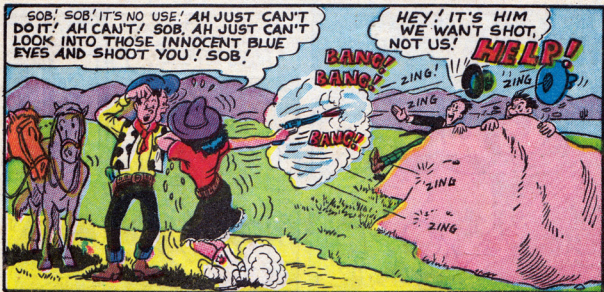
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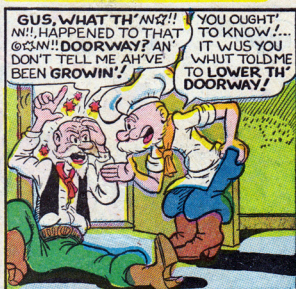
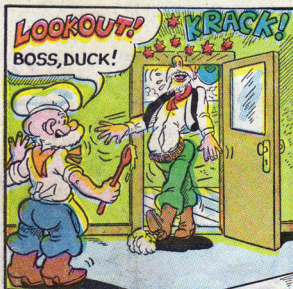
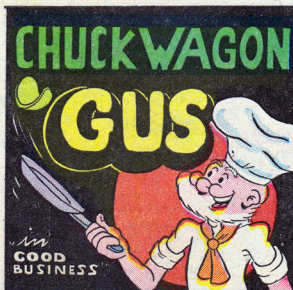
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COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U. S. C. 233)

Of Cowboy Western Comics published bi-monthly at Derby, Connecticut for October, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.
Editor, Burton N. Levey, Derby, Conn.
Managing Editor, Burton N. Levey, Derby, Conn.
Business Manager, John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholder owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other incorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Charlton Comics, Incorporated, Derby, Conn.
Ed Levy, Derby, Conn.
Hortense R. Levy, Derby, Conn.
John Santangelo, Derby, Conn.

3. The known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 & 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

BURTON N. LEVEY, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of Sept. 1951.
(SEAL)

Edward A. Handi
Notary Public

(My commission expires Nov. 14, 1954)

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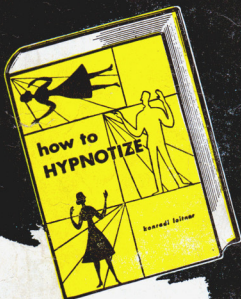
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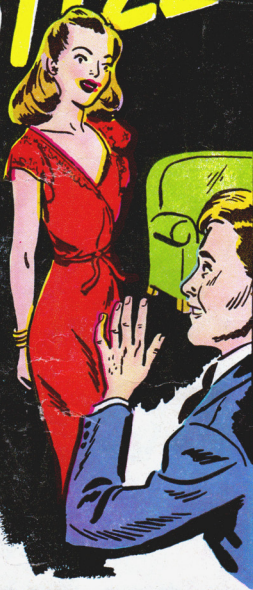
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